

Carlsbad Sea Lion.

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I HEREBY AGREE

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Agricultural College Script Patent—John S. Winter, 25, 10 s, 3 w. Desert Land Patent—Chester Gunn, 50, 9 s, 1 w. Mining Patent—Robert Gardner, Robert Gardner Mine in 15 s, 4.

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Build up a large and paying business.

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Company

The largest Furniture House on the PACIFIC COAST

CARRY:

Fine, Medium and Low Grade Goods of all descriptions for Parlor, Dining Room, Office, Chamber or Hotels or Boats.

Give us a call and be convinced.

SAN DIEGO, California.

Corner 3d and D Streets.

SECURE A HOME CHEAP IN

Anderson's Addition to Carlsbad.

This addition runs from the railroad to the ocean beach, in close proximity to Carlsbad's celebrated Mineral Springs, and for residence sites the lots in this addition cannot be equalled on the Coast. The land has a gradual slope to the sea, giving all a fine view of the ocean and surroundings.

Lots, 50x150 Feet, from \$250 to \$300.

Secure at once before it is too late as these are the cream of Carlsbad property. For particulars, call or address,

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Keep a full stock in the following lines:

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Everything at Bed-rock figures.—Tin-work of all kinds done.

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CARLSBAD SEA LION.

PUBLISHED AT

Carlsbad, San Diego Co., Cal

AMONG CROCODILES.

The Frightful Experience of an English Hunter in India.

On one occasion I was ascending the Little Rangoon river with three natives and the mail-bags, when we were hailed from shore by an English hunter who had been camping out among the fierce wild animals and poisonous serpents for seventy days. He was entirely alone, and he had killed five leopards, three tigers, six or eight large serpents and much other game. He had several fresh scars to prove a hand-to-hand conflict with a wounded tiger, and the bare fact of his being alone in that country, exposed almost to every danger one could dream of, was proof that he was a brave man.

He had a raft at the bank and was about to cross the stream. After a visit of a quarter of an hour we took him in tow and dropped him down about a mile. We had just headed for the other bank, when I saw a large crocodile rise to the surface just behind the hunter's raft. The man had not entered the boat with us, but was sitting on his traps on the raft. I called to him to shoot the reptile, and he rose and made as pretty a shot as one ever saw, striking the saurian in the eye and killing him at once. We were applauding the shot, when a dozen of the monsters broke water all about the raft. We had a tow rope about forty feet long, and were its full length ahead of the raft. None of the reptiles paid the least attention to the boat, but seemed determined to make a closer acquaintance with the raft.

The hunter had a repeating rifle, and he stood on his feet and banged away right and left as coolly as you please. I ordered the men to cease rowing and got out my rifle, but before I had fired a single shot a monster crocodile climbed upon the side of the light bamboo raft and upset it. We backed water very rapidly, and it was not over thirty seconds before the boat and raft had bumped. At the same instant the hunter rose beside the boat and one of the natives pulled him in. While he lay on the bottom of the boat we rowed about and picked up such of his traps as were afloat. It was very little we saved, as his fire-arms and pelts had been swiftly devoured by the crocodiles.

When I came to offer the man some spirits his looks had changed so that I could scarcely believe he was the same man. No one standing on the gallows-trap could have been more broken up. He had scarcely swallowed the whisky when he began to cry, and he insisted that we cover him up in the bottom of the boat. It was a whole fortnight before the man recovered his composure, while his nerve was gone forever. He who had stood with knife drawn, awaiting the rush of a tiger, and who carried marks to prove his bravery and his victory, had been totally broken up by an experience of less than two minutes in the water with a dozen crocodiles. It was the feeling that he was helpless that took his courage away. In the case of the tiger he felt that he had some little show. When he was flung into the water he realized that he had none.—*Indian Mail.*

YANKEE SHREWDSNESS.

How an American Outwitted the Officials of Morocco's Sultan.

One very good story was told by Mr. Radford, illustrating the "go-ahead" character of the American. There is only one machine mill in Morocco. It belongs to an enterprising citizen of the United States named Cobb. Its erection was utterly illegal. The prejudice against machinery among the Moors is as strong as it used to be among English hand-loom weavers.

Mr Cobb's application for the authorization of his mill was rejected. The Prime Minister would not hear of it, the Sultan absolutely forbade the newfangled method of grinding corn. Mr. Cobb, however, went "right ahead." He built his mill, he put in his machinery. Only one finishing touch was necessary. The grinding stones were duly delivered at the wharf. But this gave the authorities their opportunity and they calmly impounded them. It was useless going to the Moorish Government, so Mr. Cobb applied to the United States representative. He got a formal reply, informing him that, since the Prime Minister and the Sultan had both forbidden the execution of the project, it would be idle for him to expect any assistance from the formal representative of the United States. That letter was all that Captain Cobb needed. He took it to the local authorities, who had his grinding stones in charge, and asked them if they could read English.

"No!" "Then read this," cried Captain Cobb. There were the arms of the United States; there was an undoubted official signature; and Captain Cobb said he was going "straight ahead" with his mill. Nobody knew what complication might ensue if this determined American were disappointed. The stones were given up, the mill was finished, and the next time the Sultan came that way he sent all his corn to be ground by machinery.

Taking the Safe Side.

Boston Grocer (to customer)—Is that all this morning, Mrs. Beacon? Are you supplied with beans?

Mrs. Beacon (contemptively)—I am not quite sure about our supply of beans, but to be on the safe side you might send, say, a couple of barrels.—*N. Y. Sun.*

AMY'S HAT.

Of Amy's latest hat I sing,
The marvel fashion's mandate made;
The velvet soft, the jaunty wing,
And all the beauty there displayed.
A dream of lace, a satin fold,
A dash of silk of finest weft,
And, on the upturned brim behold
The golden arrow Cupid left!

Oh, work of art! The sweetest thing
That e'er on woman's coiffure sat—
Enough to make a seraph sing—
A paragon, fair Amy's hat!

The quaint calash of long ago,
The "pokes" and hoods of other days,
Were, though adorned with frill and bow
Less calculated to amaze;
And yet, methinks, our grandmothers' grave,
Whose mein the Pilgrim church beget,
Howe'er demure they might behave,
Down in their hearts could not but rave
O'er lovely Amy's dainty hat!

The milliner had done her best;
Remained there one thing to attach—
Does not your mind at once suggest?
The loveliest girl on earth to match.
Need there be none to search earth through,
Nor seek in distant lands for that;
The one thing needful, *entre vous*—
Behold it, under Amy's hat!

—Ernest M. Baer.

SHE DREAMED IT.

Mrs. Cabot's First Absence from Her Baby.

"Another one—the biggest one on the plate," modestly observes Mr. Cabot; and his wife obediently places the largest and roundest crumpet before him.

"These are really very nice—almost as good as if my mother had made them," continues the gentleman, with a twinkle in his eye.

Mrs. Cabot rises to the bait immediately, for this is an old, familiar grievance.

"I think," she replies, "that your mother is the very worst cook I ever and the misfortune to meet."

"Your candor is only equalled by your superior judgment, my dear," says Mr. Cabot, with pretended dignity, which can not impose upon his wife, and as they both break into laughter she seizes an orange from a dish of the golden fruit and aims it at his head. He catches it with the skill of a base-ballist, tosses a kiss in return with his fingers across the table, and proceeds to remove the rind and eat the juicy pulp. It need not be remarked that the Cabots are a very young couple.

"Aren't you almost through breakfast?" asks Mrs. Cabot; "you have sat here nearly an hour, and I don't see any signs of cessation."

"I am lingering over this pleasant repast," solemnly, "because it will be long before I ornament your table with my presence again."

"What do you mean?"

"Got to go to New York to-night on biz," briskly.

"O, dear! for how long this time?" disconsolately.

"It may be four years, and it may be forever," chanted to the air of Kathleen Mavourneen.

"How silly you are!"

"Perhaps I shall take you, if you are a good girl."

"O! O!—and the baby?" delightfully.

"O, hang the baby!"

"John Sebastian Cabot!"

"I only meant," elaborately explaining, "that you could hang him carefully up on a peg in your cedar closet, so that he would be nice and warm, and comfortably out of the way until you come back. Or—or—"

insinuatingly, "you might get my mother to come and take care of him."

"Yes, I guess so," scornfully. "And find him full of paregoric and catnip when I got back. No, sir! But if your sister will stay here with him and the nurse and never let him out of her sight for one single minute, why, I—I'll think of it!"

"Well, if I don't get to the office earlier than this, my boss will give me the great American bounce," says Mr. Cabot, and rising, he leisurely seeks the hall. His outer coat is lashed, his hat given the very latest tip, his mustache receives the correct twist, and he walks down the front steps, unfolding the morning paper as he goes. A thought strikes him, however, and he looks back to see his wife at the open door, distinctly pouting.

"What's the matter, Gladys?"

"You forgot something," the pout widening to a smile.

"Oh? Oh!" and he returns, takes her in his arms and kisses each soft cheek. Virtue is its own and only reward in this case, for Gladys ungratefully remarks, as she twists away from him: "How your old mustache scratches my face!"

"A kiss without a mustache is like an egg without salt," quotes he, and departs.

They are a handsome young couple, as they promenade the deck of the New York boat. John presents to Gladys, with undisguised satisfaction, several gentlemen of his acquaintance whom he happens to meet, and the little lady, rather flirts with one of them, Captain Cochrane by name, blonde by nature, and endowed by his fairy godmother, with the gift of gab.

"No, Mrs. Cabot," he says, later in the evening—John had disappeared, being last seen with an unlighted cigar in his hand, leaving Gladys to the enjoyment of the moonlight, the salt breeze, and Captain Cochrane's society—"I could love, but once, should I love at all, but ah! when I meet my ideal, I find her bound by chains which I fear can not be broken."

"Goodness! how did I get in as deep as this?" reflects Gladys, but aloud she only says sweetly: "It is so chilly I must go to my state-room."

Would you mind finding Mr. Cabot for me?"

The Captain regrets to lose his attentive listener, but protests it is no trouble to obey her commands. When John comes strolling in, he finds Gladys not so engaged in the mysteries of the toilette, but that she can release the Captain's tender looks and gestures for her husband's edification. Her recital is accompanied by much laughter, notwithstanding which Mr. Cabot sits gloomily tugging at his prized moustache, without a smile; and he presently falls upon the fascinating Captain and metaphorically smites him hip and thigh, giving most unflattering accounts of his past and present life. Gladys only replies: "I shouldn't think you would introduce such a man to me. Even your mother would know better than that!" and goes to sleep shortly, quite satisfied with herself.

But later she wakes from a troubled dream, so real that her face is wet, her pillow is wet, and the tears still streaming. The wind and the waves outside tumultuously call to each other, the round, soft creature that always sleeps next her heart, where is he and how fares he? Has she not just seen him, a piteous, woeful sight, with blackened garments and bleeding flesh? Did she not hear his anguished cry, "Mamma!" prolonged and repeated again and again? She rises and walks the narrow floor and sobs unrestrainedly, as her vivid dream returns to her, with her face pressed into her hand.

"I say—what's up?" comes in a startled voice from John, who, suddenly awakened, rises on his elbow and anxiously gazes at her distressed demeanor.

"I dreamed the baby was dreadfully burned and was crying for me," is all that Gladys can answer, with gasp and sobs interrupting.

Having imparted her grief causes it to lose some of its keenness. John quietly soothes her and endeavors to induce her to rest and sleep again; but no more sleep for Gladys. Her dream has quite unnerved her.

"I am a faithless, unworthy mother!" sobs she. "Oh, why did you ask me to come with you and leave him?"

"Because I am a miserable sinner, the chiefest among ten thousand," acknowledges John, promptly. "Now, have a little common sense, Gladys. You flirited last evening—your conscience reproached you"—(Gladys tosses her head)—"you missed the baby and tried to make yourself think you had neglected him—went to bed very tired—and your nightmare was the inevitable consequence. See?"

"No, I don't see," stubbornly says Gladys. "It was not a dream," it was a vision. I saw him—saw my baby, John! And I am going straight back to him as fast as my feet can carry me!"

"I think you had better not try to walk it," says John. "If you will wait till the boat gets in, I will pay your fare back on the fast train. But perhaps you will change your mind by morning."

Deluded man! He can no more keep his Gladys from flying to her baby than he can drain off Long Island Sound; and with many protests he seats her in the parlor car, gives her a new book and basket of fruit, tips the porter—who thereafter hovers about Gladys, becoming quite a nuisance with his beneficent attentions—and finally leaves her, for business is business, and John can not return with his pretty little wife, much as he would like to.

How slowly pass the hours! How the train drags and delays! Gladys hears one gentleman say complacently to another: "There is but one faster train than this in the world!" and feels like answering him wildly: "That is a falsehood—there are none slower!"

When her patience is quite exhausted and she feels that an hysterical burst of tears is imminent, the car rolls slowly into the depot, and she bounds from her seat, dropping her novel and tossing back her soft curls, which have escaped from their fastening even as she now escapes from her prison-car.

She toots it ever fair and young;
Her looks are tied in haste,
And one o'er her shoulder hangs
And hangs below her waist.

Little cares she for discarded literature or disheveled tresses. She takes the first carriage she sees, and tells the driver impatiently to hurry. But he is evidently in league with the railroad, for time lags and eternity has commenced—it seems to Gladys—before she reaches home.

She opens the door with her latch-key, and stands breathlessly. No ood and gurgles of baby-talk, no laughter, no sound of a lullaby, not even what would be welcome now, a child's screams of anguish. Any thing, any thing but this dreadful, intense stillness.

She dares not advance. Still standing as if paralyzed, she does hear a sound. It is a step, and John's sister comes tripping towards her.

"Why, Gladys!" she says, in utter astonishment. "How came you back so soon, and where is John, and why didn't you stay longer, and—"

"Tell me," murmurs Gladys, "how is the baby?"

"Oh, he's well. He's asleep now," "Did he not get burned?" she asks.

"Why, yes," after a surprised pause. "He pulled my cup of tea over, and scalded his arm slightly. He cried for you a few minutes, but mother came right over and bandaged it with hamamelis, and now it is only reddened a trifle."

They have been moving towards the nursery while speaking, and now stand by the flower-like child.

"But how did you know about the accident?" asks the young lady.

Gladys bows herself over the dainty crib; lighter than a snowflake falls she takes the sleeping child into her tender arms; his even breath stirs her hair; her kisses like dew fall softly, softly, upon his silken head as she answers, briefly: "I dreamed it."

"Well," contemptuously remarks John's sister, "I don't think such a dream as that is worth having."—*Eleanor W. F. Bates, in American Magazine.*

VALUABLE OLD AGE.

A Calm Mind and Unburdened Conscience, Among Its First Essentials.

There is much said of the value of youthful energy and mature strength, but very little of the unique services and influence which a wise and vigorous old age is capable of rendering. This part of life is regarded at best, with tolerance and sympathy, and the respect and deference which are sometimes rendered, and oftener withheld, are based upon what has been done in the past rather than on any actual and present worth or efficiency. There is perhaps an adequate cause for this way of looking at old age in the veritable lives led in our modern civilization, and especially in our own busy country. Whatever plans are laid or efforts are forth to render life useful, there are few, if any, to provide for its long continuance. Business and pleasure are crowded into the former part of life with a relentless hand; men live fast and perhaps accomplish much for a few years; then they find their powers exhausted, their health impaired, and either life is cut short or what is left of it is comparatively valueless. Thus we frequently hear the expression: "I do not wish to live to be old," by which is meant that years burdensome to one's self and useless to others, can not be regarded as a boon. Viewed in the light of society's needs, this is a great mistake. Many of the early years of life are absorbed in learning, and but a few remain in which decided services can be rendered. Every year well spent brings accumulated knowledge, power and experience to enrich those services, and each should, therefore, be more valuable than the preceding one. No one can hurry through early and middle life, filling his days with exciting business and much of his nights with exciting pleasures, and hope to enjoy a vigorous and valuable old age. Moderation, temperance, a calm mind and an unburdened conscience are among the first essentials. The best possible care of the physical system, which implies a better knowledge of the laws of our own being than most of us now possess, is requisite. The use of every faculty and the abuse of none, is needful. The continued interest in honorable occupations and good causes, which will not wear out, if they are pursued with discretion and wisdom, contributes largely to the value and happiness of old age. More than all, a good life, where sin is resisted and virtue cultivated, where wisdom is stored up and folly banished, where benevolence and love reign and malice and hatred are driven away, is the foundation of a valuable old age. Bodily strength may decline, but the purity, the wisdom, the experience will remain to benefit society in a manner and to a degree that can flow from no real of youth nor energy of middle life. Cicero sums up the whole when he says: "Life has its fixed course, and nature one unvarying way; each age has assigned to it what best suits it, so that the best fectleness of boyhood, the sanguine temper of youth, the soberness of ripen years and the maturity of old age equally have something in harmony with nature, which ought to be made availing in its season."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

General Pakenham's Body.

A strange story comes from Chester County, S. C. It is said that the body of General Pakenham, who commanded the British in the attack on New Orleans in 1812, is buried in that county and his grave has been found. Old residents of the county say that the General's body was packed in a cask of rum and sent back to England. On its arrival there it was, through mistake, not even opened, but shipped again, this time to Charleston. Reaching this city it was sent to McMullin, who kept a general stock of groceries and liquors. There a spigot was placed in the barrel, and the boys who had returned from the war would congregate round the store, take large potatoes of the good old Jamaica rum, and tell of their exploits. After the rum was exhausted the head of the cask was knocked out, and the body of a man was found therein. The news spread like wildfire and the boys gathered to inspect the body. Several of them had been to New Orleans and had seen General Pakenham, and at once identified the body as that of the General. The body was inclosed in a coffin and buried near the store. Mr. Austin now owns the property. He lives a few miles from Rossville, Chester County. Until quite recently there were still living some men who helped to drink the rum and who identified the body.—*Washington Critic.*

Oysters are very abundant in Australia and of very good quality. The government controls them, and the laws forbid their being taken from the water till they reach a certain size. A license is required for the fishermen, and holders are required to pay thirty-six cents for every three bushels of oysters. The annual license fee is \$50.

THE QUEEN'S PEARLS.

Why They Are No Longer Kept on the Royal Writing Table.

The Queen has taken great care that all her daughters shall have fine pearl necklaces for their shapely necks. She has looked after them in that respect from their very babyhood. One of her first purchases after the birth of each has been two or three pearls (of which jewel the Queen is very fond); and every year until their marriage she has added a pearl or two to her stock, until the necklace she required was ready. In this quiet, economical way she has been enabled to make up a rope of pearls for each of the Princesses, and those who have seen the necklaces at Court will bear me out in saying that the Queen's daughters are, so far as pearls go, well supplied with jewelry. Thereby hangs a tale, for which the correspondent can vouch.

Some years ago her Majesty bought from a well-known London pearl merchant three very beautiful pearls, the united cost of which was not far short of £500. Four hundred and eighty pounds is the exact sum mentioned. They pleased Royalty greatly, and were paid for without demur. A little while after the purchase had been made the merchant was surprised to receive a letter from a lady at Court saying: "The Queen wants very much to know whether pearls will burn." The reply to this somewhat startling scientific inquiry was an assurance that if her Majesty wished to oxygenize pearls for her amusement she would find that they would burn in an ordinary fire. The rejoinder produced the secret. The Queen had placed the pearls on her writing-desk in a piece of the tissue paper which jewelers use. As she was writing one morning she used the tissue paper to wipe her pen and threw it into the fire. The pearls, all unobserved, went with it. The ashes of the grate were searched for them in vain. They had been destroyed so utterly as to leave no trace. The Queen with her own hand had cast three splendid jewels, worth more than the average income of her middle-class subjects, into the blaze. Pearls have not since been kept on the royal writing-table.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

EARLY RAILROADS.

Some of Those Operated in Centuries Long Ago.

The celebrated trial of locomotive engineers upon the Liverpool & Manchester railway, for the purpose of determining the relative advantage of stationary and locomotive power upon such roads, was had in 1829, and resulted in favor of the latter. In *Redfield's Practical Treatise upon the Law of Railroads*, the author says in relation to their origin: "Although some of the Roman roads, like the Appian Way, were a somewhat near approach to the modern railway, being formed into a continuous plane surface by means of blocks of stone closely fitted together, yet they were, in the principle of construction and operation, essentially different from railways. The idea of a distinct track for the wheels of carriages does not seem to have been reduced to practice until late into the seventeenth century. In 1676 some account is given of the transportation of coals, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, upon a very imperfect railway, by means of rude carriages, whose wheels run upon some kind of rails of timber. About one hundred years afterwards, an iron railway is said to have been constructed and put into operation at the colliery near Sheffield. From this time they were put into very extensive use for conveying coal, stone and other like substances short distances, in order to reach navigable waters, and sometimes near the cities where large quantities of stone were needed for building purposes.

"These railways, built chiefly by the owners of coal mines and stone quarries, either upon their own land or by special license, called way-leave, upon the land of others, had become numerous long before the application of steam-power to railway transportation. All railways, or similar corporations, in this country, exist, or are presumed to have originally existed, by means of an express grant from the legislative power of the State or sovereignty."—*Cor. N. Y. Observer.*

Hypnotism in Spain.

The papers of Madrid, Spain, are full of a hypnotic experiment made at the royal palace. An Italian hypnotist put to sleep a young lady from a family moving in the best circles of the capital. He gave her a raw potato to eat, and suggested it was a fine pie, which the lady pronounced delicious. She suffered a very powerful electric current pass through her without flinching, hid and found objects, and inhaled for a full minute the inhalation of a bottle of ammonia, and pronounced it the most exquisite eau de cologne. Answering questions made by the Queen, the patient described the royal working room, which she had never seen, and named the contents of the pocket in the Queen's dress. The Queen asked the operator if anybody was able to hypnotize, and being told that it did not require any thing but a strong will and absolute concentration of thought the Queen tried immediately and put the girl, who had been awakened, into sleep again and made some successful experiments with her.—*Chicago News.*

"Miss—Didn't the alarm-clock go off?" Bridget—"It must have wint off, mum, for I can't find it this mornin'." "Miss—Why, what did you do with it?" "I jist laid it on the shed in the back yard, mum, so that it wouldn't annoy me."

PARSEE FUNERALS.

Curious Ceremonials Performed Before and After Death.

When a Parsee is about to die he is taken to the ground floor of the house, washed in consecrated water, anointed with holy oil and placed on an oblong stone. Small earthen lamp; lighted from the sacred fire are placed around his stony bed, and the fire priests stand near and chant a doleful dirge. The most extraordinary part of it all is that the moment life becomes extinct the house dog is brought in and taken up to him. If the dog licks his master's face and hands it is considered a most fortunate omen of the departed spirit's ready admittance into Paradise. The uneducated and ignorant Parsees believe that every dog has an angel spirit residing in some star when it issues to conduct the souls of the righteous dead into heaven.

Next morning a number of priests robed in pure white carry the body on an open bier to the Dohkma or Tower of Silence. This curious national tomb is a huge roundtower, situated in some remote or lonely spot and surrounded by great branching trees; it is open to the sky and reaches far down into the depths of the earth, and is furnished with a number of iron-grated floors. When they reach the Tower of Silence, the relatives and friends stand praying while the fire-priests place the body on a long slide or a kind of see-saw plank held down by ropes.

This done the ropes are loosened, the plank rebounds and the lifeless form slips on to one of the iron-grated floors of this strange tomb, and is left for the birds of the air. For their offices toward the dead the Parsees look upon all birds as peculiarly sacred.

But this strange mode of sepulture exposes the Parsee to no end of insults from both the Hindus and Mohammedans, who take every opportunity to jeer at them, calling out: "Kaw, Kaw, Kakhana! Dinner for crows!"—*Wide Awake.*

AN ARMY OF TWO.

A New England Incident in the Anglo-American War of 1812.

A correspondent asks for a brief account of the "British Seare," when two little girls, daughters of the lighthouse keeper at Seitate, Mass., drove away two of the enemy's barges. The girls, who ever afterward called themselves "The American Army of Two in the War of 1812," were Rebecca and Abbie Bates, aged at the time of the incident respectively fifteen and eleven years.

When the war broke out the harbor of Seitate was the scene of many a sea skirmish. Shortly after the British burned a large number of vessels which lay in Seitate harbor, after which the town was garrisoned.

About September 1, 1814, a British bark was sighted directly off Cedar Point, from which two barges were lowered and were bearing down upon the harbor, with the intention of sacking and destroying two large flour-laden vessels. The mother of Rebecca becoming somewhat alarmed, the men being away on an expedition, appealed to her daughter for advice, whereupon Rebecca with a life and her sister Abbie with a drum concealed themselves behind the house and struck up a National air. The effect was magical. The careless, swinging stroke of the barge-men's oars ceased and across the water to their listening ears came the roll-call of the formidable and much-dreaded Yankees. They hesitated a moment, and then, just as the bark flew her signal of danger, they downed oars and with a most unman-of-war-like stroke exerted themselves to reach their vessel. It was but the silence of a moment when the sails filled, and with Yankee Doodle ringing in their imaginative ears the Britishers squared away to sea.—*N. Y. Voice.*

The Endless Railway.

A successful application of an old idea has lately been made by Mr. William Fender, of Buenos Ayres. By means of certain improvements he claims to have overcome the difficulties experienced in using an endless railway to embrace the wheels of vehicles having to traverse soft soil. The wheel consists of a chain of flat slabs of hard wood, which are riveted between thin steel plates, and are linked together, the chain encircling the wheels, so that, as they turn, the blocks form themselves into a broad track in front. The system has proven very effective in carting heavy loads across roadless tracts in South America, and over swampy grounds near Berlin, and it is believed that the device would be valuable for steam engines for plowing.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Came, Saw, Conquered.

Tramp—Please, mum, I've had nothing to eat for three weeks.

Housekeeper—Don't you tell me that. I saw you go into Mrs. Stuck's kitchen half an hour ago and you've been there ever since.

"I was waiting for her to warm some things up for me, mum, but when I noticed what a dirty kitchen she had and saw her wipe her hands on her soiled apron and rub some powder over her smutty face instead of washing it, I felt so disgusted I could not eat a mouthful, and I ain't got my appetite back yet. If it's all the same to you, I'd rather have some money. After half an hour spent in that woman's house I feel as if I needed a stimulant."

"Poor man! Here's a dollar."—*Omaha World.*

The Methodists have crossed the \$1,000,000 line and have pledged \$1,200,000 for mission work during the coming year.

SOME FAMOUS LEAPS.

strange Adventures of Horsemen recorded by an English Chronicle.

"Lambert's Leap," near Neweaston-Tyne, has been the scene of three strange adventures, the place taking its designation from the name of Mr. Outhbert Lambert, who first made it famous in the year 1759. That gentleman, the son of Dr. Lambert, of Pilgrim street, was riding along Standford Stone lane, when his mare took fright, and, on reaching the bridge which spans the "burn" below, jumped on to the battlements, three and a half feet high, and sprang toward the opposite side of the burn, the width of which was forty-six feet. The depth to the water was thirty-six feet. An old ash tree broke the rider's fall, and, according to some accounts, he clung to one of the boughs in his descent—at any rate, he was unhurt; but the mare was killed, and an examination showed that every joint in her backbone was displaced by the shock. Mr. Lambert died in 1770, and in the next year a precisely similar accident occurred at the same place. This time the rider was a groom in the service of Sir John Hussey Delaval, whose horse, on the road to Newcastle from Seaton Delaval, took fright, and, running along Standford lane, reached the above-mentioned bridge, where some foot people endeavored to stop him. The attempt, however, was in vain, and the horse sprang over the battlement of the bridge. Unlike Mr. Lambert, the groom did not keep his seat; but, according to the account, came to the bottom first, and—this is the strangest part of the story—alighted between two large stones. The horse came down immediately afterward, but, being wedged in between the stones, did not crush the rider, who was able to ride another horse home. One is not surprised to learn that the jumping horse was "subsequently shot." In these two instances the riders escaped and the horses died; but in 1827 matters were reversed; the horse escaped and the man was killed. Mr. Nicholson, a surgeon of Hensel, was riding over the bridge, when his horse suddenly shied and in jumping over the side knocked over the stone inscribed "Lambert's Leap." It is certainly strange that three accidents should have occurred at the same spot. About the year 1790 a somewhat similar leap was recorded to have taken place near Whitelaven. A Lancaster gentleman was riding a horse which was upset by a post-chaise dashing by. Thinking that the horse would settle down if allowed to go in front, the rider, quickened his pace, and, trotting on, repassed the chaise; but "the trot became a gallop soon." The horse ran away, and, on reaching the middle of Egremont bridge, jumped on to the battlements, which were four feet high, and appeared to have been, at any rate, wide enough to have afforded momentary standing-room; for, says an account, "the rider, fearing that the horse might topple over sideways, had the presence of mind to spur the horse and so cause him to jump, which he did down the substantial drop of twenty feet, alighting safe and sound in a foot of water." The horse was unhurt, and the only injury sustained by the rider was a sprained foot, which confined him to his room for three days.—*St. James' Gazette.*

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

They Visit Chicago and Have a Bilarionally Enjoyable Time.

I suppose there are other husbands just as impatient as Mr. Bowser, but I really wish he would take matters more calmly. He had been gone about an hour the other morning when he came running back with a telegram in his hand and exclaimed:

"I've got to go to Chicago, and you and baby can go along!"

"What time to-night do we go?"

"To-night! We go at 10:30 this morning."

"Why, Mr. Bowser, we can't get ready in an hour."

"Yes, you can. Go right at it and jump around. You've always wanted to go to Chicago, and now's your chance. Just leave everything for the girl to pick up, and never mind how you look."

"But, Mr. Bow—"

"Don't waste time arguing the matter. Fling things into the trunk just as they come to hand. You attend to yourself and baby and I'll get my own things."

"But I don't want to go to Chicago."

"Yes, you do. You've always said you wanted to smell of the Chicago river, and now you shall have it. Hurry up—you've wasted ten minutes already."

"I didn't want to go, but I felt that Mr. Bowser was determined. The girl washed baby's face and dressed him while I was dressing myself, and I was not yet through when Mr. Bowser dragged the trunk into the hall, locked and strapped it, and rushed in to say:

"I've got everything I'll need in the trunk, and it's all ready to go. Come, now, don't wait to primp and pucker."

"Give me half an hour."

"Can't give you but eighteen minutes. If you ain't ready then I shall take baby and the trunk and go alone."

I was ready. I didn't look much better than a woman who had escaped from a burning house, but I hoped to improve some after we got on the train. A wagon came up on the gallop for our trunk and a hack came up on the gallop for us, and we got off with a rush. Half way to the depot Mr. Bowser offered the driver fifty cents to drive faster, and we went through the business streets as if bound for Canada ahead of the sheriff. We got out and

hurried into the depot and into the baggage-room, and Mr. Bowser was rushing about like a caged lion when the baggage-man asked him where he was going.

"To Chicago, of course."

"By way of Milwaukee?"

"No, sir! What do I want to go by way of Milwaukee for?"

"That's none of my business, but that's the only way our trains run. You have got the wrong depot."

Mr. Bowser looked ten years older as he grabbed the baby and told me to follow him to a hack, and we had another wild ride to the other depot. We rushed in, the trunk came up with a wheew, and the baggage-man asked if it was to go to Chicago. When answered in the affirmative he replied:

"Next train goes at eight o'clock this evening. Plenty of time to get your trunk checked."

"But there's a train goes at 10:20," protested Mr. Bowser.

"Is that so? Well, I've never seen it go out."

"Here's the paper—look at this time table!" shouted Mr. Bowser. "If you don't run according to the time tables, you'd better advertise the fact!"

"That is the time table of the D. H. & M. road," answered the man, "while this is the Michigan Central. Our morning train left at seven o'clock."

Mr. Bowser couldn't speak for the next ten minutes. Once or twice he reached out for the baby, as if intending to crush out its life, but I dodged him, and finally said:

"We'll go home, of course. We can't wait here until eight o'clock to-night."

"We can't, eh! Well, we just will, you know! We'd look pretty sneaking back home after starting for Chicago."

All I could say would not move him, and while he was in and out during the day I put in every blessed minute of the time in that depot. Neither of us got two winks of sleep during the night on the car, and Mr. Bowser narrowly escaped coming into deadly conflict with conductor and porter. We reached Chicago in a mused up condition, and the first thing after breakfast Mr. Bowser said to me:

"I was noticing you at the table, and you looked awful drowsy. You'd better put on some decent duds."

"Certainly. Open the trunk and I'll see what I have."

I looked into it, uttered a yell of despair, and sat down on the floor.

"Now what are you acting up about?" demanded Mr. Bowser.

"Just see what you brought along!"

There were two summer dresses, an old mother Hubbard, three odd stockings, an old knot of ribbon belonging to the cook, his summer blouse, a pair of patched pants which he sometimes wore to work in, three boots, two towels, the cook's hair brush, and nearly all the soiled linen from the clothes basket.

"I brought every thing I could find," protested Mr. Bowser, as I sat and cried.

I had dinner and supper brought to the room, and after the last meal Mr. Bowser said we would take the night train home. It was always the way. If there was a chance for him to take comfort I was sure to spoil it. We got back home in the morning, and as we left the cars I said to Mr. Bowser:

"We'll tell the neighbors baby was sick and we had to come back."

"No, we won't!" he promptly replied. "There's going to be no lying about this. We'll tell the neighbors just how it was. You were in such a rush to get away that you flung all the old duds in the house into the trunk."

"What! I did?"

"Mrs. Bowser, don't elevate your eyebrows and show your tusks at me! If you ever travel another rod with me it will be when I am crazy. You can go home alone. I'm going up town to see a lawyer!"—*Mrs. Bowser, in Detroit Free Press.*

ARISTOCRATS IN TRADE.

A Blue Blooded Dressmaker's Gratifying Success in London.

A gentleman and his wife, of gentle blood, blue blood and Belgravia, having lost their fortune, had the temerity to actually go into trade in London, and are making money. Of them and their trouble with Mrs. Grundy, a reporter says:

"Captain Polkington is something of an artist. He has an eye for color, and is not ashamed of keeping the accounts. His wife has taste in dress. They both have blue blood in their veins. They know lots of people and therefore they are getting on. Success makes enemies, to be sure, but it does not prevent the Polkingtons from being admired for their plucky defiance of Mrs. Grundy."

To an interviewer the lady said:

"My going into trade has not affected us socially. Some disagreeable things were said about it at first, but then, you know, woman can say such hateful things about their own sex. I have been treated awfully kindly by the royalties. I haven't been to a drawing-room at Buckingham Palace since I went to trade. I have no reason for believing, however, that I could not do so. Lady Granville Gordon is in trade like myself, and she was at a drawing-room last season."

"Now and then some vulgar nouveau riche turns up and is inclined to be rude. Women who are accustomed to good society treat me just as they did before I went into business. I am not ashamed of having to work. I am not ashamed of attending to my customers, nor is my husband. I don't see why my children should be ashamed of the business."—*Chicago Times.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The American Home Missionary Society has aided in planting 8,427 churches, and 1,600 ministers are now under commission, 135 preaching in foreign languages.

—The King of Siam proposes to place the Presbyterian mission schools on the same basis as to Government aid as the Government schools. At a recent visit to Petchaburi, he gave the hospital \$1,440, and the Queen gave the girls' school \$960.

—The Church of England is getting so pressed for money that Canon Gregory proposes to cut down the salary of the Archbishop of Canterbury from £15,000 to £12,000, and the salary of the Archbishop of York from £10,000 to £8,000. The house of the Bishop of Ely is said to be too costly, and should be sold.

—The Fiji Islands have 128,414 inhabitants. Of these 111,743 are natives; and of these, 100,154, or more than nine-tenths, are attendants at public worship. There is not an avowed heathen on the islands. The statistics of the Wesleyan mission on the islands are: 54 native ministers, 44 catechists, 1,877 local preachers, 3,192 class-leaders, 27,421 church members and 1,255 places of worship.

—Nauvutuck (Conn.) Congregationalists are building a parish house, a modern idea worthy of imitation. It will have twenty-four rooms, besides hall, cloak rooms and closets. The first floor has an assembly room, reception room, Sunday-school library and seven class rooms; the second floor eight class rooms, reading rooms, kitchen and dining rooms; third floor for pastor's study and a gymnasium.

—The Methodist Episcopal church has in the sixteen Southern States nearly 450,000 communicants. During the past twenty years the increase has been eightfold. In these same States it has built more than 4,000 new churches since the war. With less than one-fourth the same rate of increase in another generation, the same church will have in that territory 1,000,000, representing a population of 5,000,000 people.

—In nothing is the change in the system of education since the days of our grandmothers more emphatically set forth than in one of the departments of a fashionable Washington school. Miss J. Prindell, of Baltimore, is engaged there for the sole purpose of lecturing to the pupils on the current news of the world. She takes, for example, such topics as the tariff, the surplus, the Irish and other burning questions, and from these she glides to lighter and more ephemeral subjects. In this way the pupils, while following the course of ancient history, keeps pace with the history of modern times, and when they leave school they know as much about the reigning President of the United States as they do about Julius Caesar.

RAREFIED ATMOSPHERE.

An English Traveler's Experience Among the Himalayas.

An English writer, narrating his experience among the Himalayas, naturally has much to say about the effects of the rarefied atmosphere; and in particular he reports the laughable attempts made by the natives of the region to account for the sickness and shortness of breath to which even they are liable beyond a certain altitude. The height at which these effects of headaches and vomiting are observed varies much, and it is not easy to trace the cause of the irregularities. A great deal depends on habit of body. One first notices the difficulty when using some more than ordinary exertion, as running, or walking up hill. In this way, for people who live below six thousand feet, the effects generally come on at between eleven thousand and twelve thousand feet. At fourteen thousand and fifteen thousand feet one is liable to have an attack of shortness of breath even when in repose.

When I first visited Rupshu—fifteen thousand feet—this came upon me when lying down at night, and lasted for half an hour or so; but after a week I got over that liability, and never afterward, when at rest, felt a want of breath, even when the camp was two thousand or three thousand feet higher. But though one may get so far used to the rarity of the air as not to feel it in repose, yet any but the most ordinary exertion will surely remind one of it. At fifteen thousand feet the least slope upward in the path will make one as much out of breath as if one were at a lower altitude, pressing up a steep mountain-side.

Talking when walking, even on a level, soon brings its own conclusion from want of breath. And when one comes to the greater heights—for here every thousand feet distinctly tells—ascending a slope becomes a painful labor. I have crossed a pass at nineteen thousand five hundred feet, one that lower down would have been an easy walk, where, on the ascent, at every fifty or sixty steps, one was absolutely obliged to halt for breath. The natives, whose lot occasionally leads them into the highlands, very commonly attribute these results of rarefied atmosphere to some plant, which they invest with the power of poisoning the air. Some of the herbs at high elevations give out a smell when rubbed, and these are brought in to account for the sickness. The much-abused onion, which grows wild in some parts at a good height, often has these effects laid to it. Of course, an easy answer to this hypothesis is that the effect is greatest at those heights from which all these plants, and even all vegetation, are absent.—*Youth's Companion.*

RUNNING THE UNIVERSE.

Bob Burdette Gives Some Very Good Advice to a Young Man.

My son, there are just two things in this world that I don't know about, and you have just asked me about one of them. I don't know why there is trouble and sorrow and toil and poverty and sickness and death in this beautiful world. I used to know when I was much younger, but I find that as I grow older I don't know a great deal more than I used to know. I don't know why all the best people seem to have all the suffering and the great sinners have all the fun. I don't know why innocent men suffer for the wickedness of the guilty men. I don't know why the man who casts the faulty columns in Pemberton Mills wasn't crushed when the mill went down. I don't see why my neck should be broken in a railroad accident because a train dispatcher sends out a wrong order or a signalman goes to sleep. I don't see why my neighbor should be cursed with ill health and suffering just because his grandfather was a rollicking, hard-drinking old profligate. I can't see why I should have neuralgia just when I want to feel my best. I can't understand why Garfield died and Sullivan lives. I don't know why some people starve while worse people founder. Well, you say, wouldn't it be pleasant if all these crooked things were straightened out? Yes, oh yes! And wouldn't I run things a little better if I had the running of them? Yes—hold on a minute—yes—don't know, really, that I want to try. There are several things to consider. When you sit down to run a universe. True, if I managed things I could make several improvements at once. I would never again have the neuralgia for one thing; my boots would not run over at the heels like an Italian's, my pantaloons would not work up or bag at the knees and my collars would not climb the back of my neck and my mustache wouldn't keep waxed at one end like a bristle and fray out like a satin ribbon at the other, and—there are some other things to look after. The little matter of day and night I think I might manage for a week may be, but there would be an eclipse or two to look after, an occasional rain, some snow, a late spring, or an early autumn or a capricious harvest-time to manage; there are certain movements of the sun and other planets that have rather delicate relations with the earth—come to think of it, my boy, I have never yet been able to control my own personal neuralgia. Now, you are very kind, but I will most respectfully decline the appointment. I find, on looking into the varied and trying duties connected with the office, that my bodily and mental strength would not stand the great tax that would be laid upon them. While I am in the heartiest accord with the Administration and wish to give it—and to the extent of my poor ability to do so—my most earnest support and encouragement, yet I much prefer to do this in my capacity as a private citizen.—*Bob Burdette, in Denver Republican.*

PERILS OF FIREMEN.

Some of the Dangers Which They May Be Called On to Face Any Day.

An occasional brave deed is sure to receive applause from an appreciative world, but how many of us stop to think of the constant heroism required in the fireman's life? In undertaking his duties, he has virtually pledged himself to keep his courage always "screwed to the sticking place," and very few are the records of his failures. In a recently published account of the New York fire brigades are to be found the following stories, descriptive of dangers which the "boys" may any day be called on to face:

Ten or a dozen years ago, during a fire on Broadway, a heavy beam fell from the roof on eight firemen in such a way that it prostrated without crushing them. The wood was on fire from end to end, and they could not possibly rise. They lay close to the floor, which was smoking and covered with sparks, and the beam continued to burn over them within a few feet of their heads, threatening to roast them to death. One of the pipes had been buried with them, and when they discovered that they turned it against the flames.

Steaming to death now awaited them, as the water vaporized in the heat, and filled their crib with scalding white clouds; but the circumstance saved them, by enabling them to abate the fire below, until their comrades outside had lifted the beam.

During the burning of a building on Broadway, in 1877, it was agreed between three firemen, who were stationed on the roof, and one of the officers below, that when the fall of the roof appeared imminent to him, he should call to them, and they should leap to the next building, over an intervening alley five or six feet wide. In the meanwhile they did not distress themselves, but worked steadily, pouring water down the scuttles. The hissing and lapping of the flames, the trumpeted orders of the chiefs, and the crash of falling iron and lumber were so loud and confusing that a voice might easily have been lost in them. Notwithstanding this fact, the men held to their insecure ground until a gentle rattling indicated that the roof was about to collapse, and they heard the officer below cry: "Leap!" Every spectator held his breath while the brave firemen sprang from one parapet to another. They had hardly done so when a dense volume of smoke and sparks shot into the air, and only a pit of flames remained where the men had stood.—*Youth's Companion.*

PITH AND POINT.

—"Truth lies at the bottom of a well"—that's why the lawyers have to pump for it.

—Richard III. demanded another horse because he was tired of the nightmare that had been riding him.

—*Texas Siftings.*

—It's better far de 'jagity' men ter stay in de place whar de b'long. De dewberry vine 'doan grow' so long after it's lifted erbove de groun'.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

—Sometimes it is hard to tell whether a man is firm in principle, or simply obstinate, but the man himself never expresses any doubt.—*Journal of Education.*

—The destiny that shapes a man's end does not make a good shape without some little assistance on the part of the man.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—"No man's character is formed," says Howells, until he has been tried by the woman he loves." That is sometimes apt to be worse than being tried by any judge.—*Boston Post.*

—There is a good suggestion in the following: "When a man sets about an undertaking he should first have settled these four things—what he wants to do, why he wants to do it, whether he has the right to do it, and how it best can be done."

—"Did you ever go tobogganing, Mr. Winterwheat?" "No," said the old man, "but I once stepped into the elevator well and fell down four stories in three-tenths of a second. That is fast enough for me; I'm getting too old for much excitement."—*Burdette.*

—"Do you intend to hear the new minister to-morrow?" inquired a member of the deacon. "No, I don't. I'm not going to hear any new preacher until I know what folks think about him." "But you ought to use your own judgment." "I never work Sunday."—*Hartford Post.*

—"Mr. Editor, did you read that article I handed you yesterday?" "Yes, sir."

"What would you think after reading that if I told you that I had but one year's schooling in my life?" "I would think that you must have wasted your time most abominably!"—*Nebraska State Journal.*

INFLUENCE OF ORATORS.

Difference Between Men of Wise Action and Brilliant Speakers.

Institutions are slow growths of centuries. The orator cuts them down in a day. The tree falls, and the hand that wielded the axe is admired and applauded. The speeches of Demosthenes and Cicero pass into literature and are studied as models of language. But Demosthenes and Cicero did not understand the facts of their time; their language might be beautiful and their sentiments noble, but with their fine words and sentiments they only misled their countrymen. The periods where the orator is supreme are marked always by confusion and disintegration. Goethe could say of Luther that he had thrown back for centuries the spiritual cultivation of mankind, by calling the passions of the multitude to judge of matters which should have been left to the thinkers. We ourselves are just now in one of those uneasy periods, and we have decided that orators are the fittest people to rule over us. The constituencies choose their members according to the fluency of their tongues. Can he make a speech? Is the one test of competency for a legislator, and the most persuasive of the whole we make prime ministers. We admire the man for his gifts and we accept what he says for the manner in which it is uttered. He may contradict to-day what he asserted yesterday. No matter. He can persuade others wherever he is persuaded himself. And such is the nature of him that he can convince himself of any thing which it is his interest to believe. These are the persons who are now regarded as our wisest. It was not always so. It is not so now with nations who are in a sound state of health. The Americans, when they chose a President or a Secretary of State or any functionary from whom they require wise action, do not select these famous speech makers. Such periods do not last, for the condition which they bring about becomes always intolerable. I do not believe in the degeneracy of our race. I believe the present generation of Englishmen to be capable of all that their fathers were, possibly of more; but we are just now in a moribund state and are sick while the process is going on.—*The English in the West Indies,* by James Anthony Froude.

Eastern and Western Shoes.

The Western and Southern shoe trade demands a wider last than is used in the East. This is not altogether due to differences in the pedal structure. There are notions that prevail among dealers as to how a shoe should be fitted, which are peculiar to sections. The Eastern retailer prevails on a lady to wear a shoe that is often a full size longer than her foot. Having plenty of room in that direction the foot can then be fitted with a narrower shoe, with a slimmer and more elegant appearance. On the other hand, Western and Southern dealers make the fit snug as to length, and often after the shoe is worn a few days the great toe protrudes over the sole. Being crowded longitudinally, the foot must have room some way, and the viler last is therefore used. The Eastern is the correct method of fitting, being less injurious to the feet, and the shoes will wear better and look better after a fortnight's wear.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

CAUSES OF FIRES.

Why Chimneys Should Be Frequently Examined and Cleaned.

There are two very common causes for houses taking fire where wood is burned, and against which special care must be taken. One of these precautions is to build the chimney right. It is true that winter is not the season for building chimneys; but at no better time can a careful examination be made for danger in those already badly constructed. A common cause for disaster is in laying the brick against or on timbers or joists; the wood shrinks or the brick wall settles, making an opening or crack between the bricks. This crack is gradually filled with combustible soot from the burning wood, and in process of time a spark sets it on fire. The combustion passing through the wall begins the conflagration, which often ends in heavy destruction, and sometimes with loss of life. The remedy is not to rest any portion of the chimney when building it, on timber or against it, but it should always be at least some inches away; and it may be set on a brick or stone pier built from the cellar up.

Another source of danger is in stove-pipes. If wood is burned in the stove, the liability is greatly increased, as compared with coal. Soot partly fills the pipe and then takes fire, and the burning soot makes the stove-pipe red-hot. If this pipe is within a few inches of joist or partitions, the danger is very great. It should never be nearer than one foot, and a greater distance would be better. If anthracite only is used in the stove the danger is largely diminished, as it can never heat the pipe to redness, the soot never catching fire.

Another still greater source of danger, where the building has a shingle roof, and where wood is the fuel, is from the burning of the accumulated soot in the chimney, causing a strong current, and throwing the burning flakes of soot and cinders out on the dry shingles. Many houses, as well as costly buildings belonging to seminaries of learning, in the new and timbered portions of the country, are consumed every winter from this cause alone; and the occupants being out of view, are puzzled to know how the burning originated, and they regard it as an unaccountable mystery.

To escape this danger, the chimney should be regularly examined two or three times a year—oftener, where much wood is constantly burned—and the soot removed. This may be done in different ways, according to circumstances, convenience and the shape and length of the chimney. It may be scraped with a scraper on the end of a long pole, worked from above or below; or with a stiff wire brush, weighted and suspended with a rope; or it may be cleaned out by burning. If a large quantity of soot has accumulated, caution will suggest setting it on fire at the top, and working gradually downward; but with a small quantity it may be ignited below, and all consumed at once. A day should be selected when the shingles are wet with rain or covered with snow.

Nearly all the fires, the circumstances of which have come to our knowledge, in the open country where wood is burned, may be traced to burning soot falling from the chimney top to the shingle roof. Sometimes the accumulating soot had been so long neglected, that when it accidentally caught fire, the flame shot out seven or eight feet above the chimney top, and with a roaring noise that could be heard a quarter of a mile. A much less fiery current would be enough to set a house on fire in the absence of the occupants, or when they were busily occupied, or asleep at midnight.

A remedy to prevent these chimney burnings is frequently prescribed, in making the chimney larger, say sixteen inches or two feet square. This ample size would facilitate cleaning, but otherwise we do not see how it would lessen danger, for a smaller or flat chimney would compel a more frequent cleaning, and prevent so large an accumulation of combustible soot.—*Country Gentleman.*

Nothing Is Made in Vain.

"Is there any such thing as law in this country?" asked a man excitedly, after a verdict had been rendered against him.

"Certainly there is," was the soothing reply.

"Well, I'd like to know what it's good for?"

"For the lawyers to make a living out of."—*Merchant Traveler.*

—A curious fashion of boring through wet sand is being practiced in Eastern Europe. A row of iron pipes is driven through the yielding sand, and a freezing mixture, generally chloride of magnesium cooled by expansion of ammonia, is then passed through the pipes, returning by means of smaller tubes contained within the larger ones. By the mixture the wet sand is frozen for a considerable distance round the pipes, and is then easily excavated and the pit shaft built. The same plan was recently adopted in making a tunnel under the city of Stockholm.

—A Montgomery (Ala.) groceryman circulated the report that he had found \$1,800 in bills hidden away among the cobwebs in the corner of his store, and there was considerable interest around town to know who had left it there. After several persons had announced themselves as claimants, he quietly informed them that it was Confederate money, which is practically worthless.

THE CARLSBAD.

Continued Energy Being Displayed—Nearing the End.

The work of finishing this new famous hotel, which is justly the pride of Carlsbad's citizens, is being pushed with unabated vigor, and it is now but a question of a few days ere its hospitable doors will be thrown open to receive the throng of visitors who are anxiously awaiting its completion. As an indication of the immediate popularity of the enterprise it may be stated that already eighty guests have engaged quarters for the season. This, of course, is only a small contingent of the number to be expected, but the fact is significant nevertheless.

THE NEW MANAGER.

Mr. Frank Miller, into whose hands has been entrusted the future control of the vast establishment, was here several days during the week, and expressed himself as fully satisfied with the arrangements of the house and surroundings. In company with General Superintendent Frazier, the manager is now in Los Angeles selecting the furniture, carpets, etc., necessary for the hotel, and it goes without saying that that portion of the enterprise is in eminently proper hands.

MORE ROOM NEEDED.

In the earlier part of the year it was deemed unnecessary to complete the apartments upon the extreme upper floor, but the unexpected demand for accommodations has convinced the management that all the rooms obtainable will be required, and therefore this portion of the edifice will be put in readiness at once. Already the wires for the electric lights (with which, by the way, the entire building will be lighted) are in place in that section, and carpenters and finishers will be put to work immediately.

THE SECOND AND THIRD FLOORS are finished entirely and present a charming appearance. The painting and general ornamentation to be observed here are of a high order of workmanship, and evince the good taste of Mr. D. D. Hanks, who superintended the work. Carpet-laying and placing the furniture will proceed forthwith, under the direction of skilled upholsterers.

THE BILLIARD-ROOM.

Probably the most attractive portion (to the male fraternity, at least) of the new hotel is the billiard-room, located on the ground floor. This is a spacious apartment, 30x70 feet, and when furnished according to the plans agreed upon, will be a most delightful place for recreation. The floor is of artificial stone, and the walls and ceiling are of cement, finished off with the finest French plaster. Even the base "boards" are of stone, thus rendering this portion of the building absolutely fireproof. This room can be reached through an artificial stone archway, ten feet wide, leading from Grand avenue, as well as by the main entrance to the hotel. Thirty electric lights will illuminate this room.

THE STOREROOMS.

Adjoining the billiard hall, and extending to the west end of the building, are two large storerooms, finished in the same substantial manner and thoroughly ventilated and drained, thus preventing any damage to perishable goods.

Mr. Gus Mathewson has had personal direction of the plastering work in these apartments, and the superior manner in which every detail has been observed is creditable to that gentleman and his corps of assistants.

NOTES.

The reporter is indebted to Foreman Culver for courtesies extended. The new 25-horse-power engine for the hotel is due to arrive.

Grand avenue is to be graded and sidewalked in a superior manner, and will be "the" promenade during the season.

Charles Davis, of Los Angeles, is directing the placing of the electric wires through the building.

The vestibule approaching the billiard-room is 20x70 feet, paved with artificial stone, and will be a "way up" place to cool off on any warm day that may occur.

The kitchen has been enlarged by an addition of sixteen feet, and ample room is thereby provided.

South Oceanside.

Mounting our friend Barry's Peugeot the other day, we took a flying leap over to our energetic little neighbor named above, and was pleased at the evidences of prosperity apparent. Every one we saw had a smiling visage, and in all quarters the fruits of honest industry were visible.

The grades on the line of the new motor road are almost at hand, and will pass through the town next week.

Work on the new Diamond building is going on apace and before long it will form one of the attractions of this pleasant suburb of Carlsbad. An extension of eighty feet to the building on both Cassidy and Commercial streets is among the certainties, as its "go-ahead" proprietor, J. Chauncey Hayes, has completed all preliminaries to that end.

The Diamond House, built and to be conducted as a hotel by Mrs. Hannah Trotter, is almost completed, and will be of great benefit to this community. The grounds surrounding the hotel will be highly ornamental, choice trees, flowers, grasses, etc., having already been selected by the proprietress, who is an adept in the art of floriculture.

This place is a peer of Carlsbad in the matter of pure fresh water, but it is without the life-giving mineral variety for which our town is famous.

The "medicated" brickyard is now under the management of David Nowland, formerly of San Francisco, who is a thorough mechanic. Clay is obtained in close proximity to building sites and of a quality well adapted for brick-making, as an inspection of some of the recently-erected cottages will show.

South Oceanside capitalists hail with delight the fact that our new hotel is nearing completion. They argue that the large concourse of visitors who will occupy it during the summer will naturally view their town to its ultimate benefit. We hope this may be a correct surmise, and think it is, as in the plenitude of our prosperity we can afford a small share to our less fortunate neighbors.

Carlsbad Literary Society.

A very enjoyable entertainment was presented by this society last Thursday evening. A drawback to the greater success of these valuable and instructive performances lies in the fact that some of the members, especially the young men, are very lax in contributing their share to the programme in which they may be assigned. The President of the Society, Mrs. Stone, is indefatigable in her endeavors to present a choice entertainment each evening, and in this duty the other officers are also zealous, and it alone remains with the members to help along the good work. Overcome your diffidence, gentlemen, and ventilate the talent you possibly possess. Following is the programme for Thursday evening:

Instrumental Music—Messrs. Carr and Place and Mrs. Towle.
Reading—Clinton Culver.
Charade—Arranged by Mrs. Stone.
Zither solo—Mr. Dellschafft.
Reading—Esther Frazier.
Recitation—Claude Clark.
Instrumental Music—Messrs. Place and Carr and Mrs. Towle.
Recess.
"Carlsbad Reflector."
Recitation—Kate Bentley.
Song—Misses Kunze and Schutte.
Dialogue—Arranged by Mrs. Stone.
Reading—Mr. Parsons.
Solo—Chas. Lehman.
Recitation—Lily Frazier.
Reading—Miss Minnie Specht.
Reading—Alfred McCrea.
Reading—Jack Ellis.

The Musical Union.

The following will be the programme of this popular organization for next Tuesday evening:

Instrumental solo—Miss Schutte.
Vocal duet—Messdames Pratt and Buchanan.
Quartet—Misses Schutte and Kunze, Messrs. Langenbach and Lehman.
Instrumental duet—Mrs. Towle and Mr. Carr.
Solo—Mr. Buchanan.
Trio—Mrs. Pratt, Mr. Carr and Mr. Buchanan.

—Why don't our Carlsbad neighbors organize an I. O. G. T. lodge? We know of quite a number who would join, and they might be the means of saving some one from going astray.—[South Oceanside Diamond.]

HOME NEWS IN BRIEF.

Events of the Week in a Condensed Form.

—Boom!
—We've struck it!
—But keep it dark!
—Lower California is distanced!
—Sabbath-school to-morrow at 10 A. M.

—Every one is slightly touched with the gold fever.
—Harvesting is progressing, and crops are above the average.

—Some of the gardens in town present a beautiful appearance.
—Census Marshal McCulloch will commence his duties Tuesday next.

—J. M. Martin, junior proprietor of the San Marcos Herald, called on us Saturday.

—We are going quietly about our recent gold discoveries, but will get there just the same.

—The Ladies' Mission Society has changed its meeting day from Friday to Wednesday afternoon.

—Men's summer flannel coats and vests reduced from \$2.50 to \$1.75 at Irwin & Co., Oceanside.

—Cloudy weather has prevailed during the week, rendering the atmosphere cool and refreshing.

—Just received a full assortment of ladies' French kid gloves, price \$1.25, at Irwin & Co., Oceanside.

—No use going away from home for lucre when there is so much of it "lying around loose" in this vicinity.

—The religious services at the schoolhouse last Sunday, conducted by Rev. Mr. Daniels, were well attended.

—Captain Frazier is having a very substantial fence constructed around the extensive grounds of his residence.

—A full assortment in ladies' misses', men's and boys' bathing suits just received by Irwin & Co., Oceanside.

—An excursion train of eight well-filled cars passed through Carlsbad Wednesday morning en route to Perris.

—Men's all-wool suits reduced from \$12.50 to \$8.50, from \$13.50 to \$10, from \$15 to \$12.50, at Irwin & Co., Oceanside.

—W. L. Williams, of San Diego, has been engaged by the owners of the sloop Tempest to put the boat in repair, and is now at work.

—Captain Wadsworth, Treasurer of the Carlsbad Land and Mineral Water Company, made a business trip to San Diego this week.

—Several of our resident Knights attended the installation ceremonies of Oceanside Lodge, No. 156, K. of P., at that town Thursday night.

—J. D. Crain has completed the handsome front of his new two-story residence, and its appearance displays excellent workmanship.

—J. A. Faucher hauled the lumber and built a substantial dwelling-house on his homestead claim near town in one day of this week. Quick work.

—The Oceanside Journal has made vast improvement since its initial number, and is now a first-class daily newspaper in all its departments.

—The Carlsbad Land and Mineral Water Company have levied a small water tax upon consumers, to take effect June 1st. See notice in another column.

—For some unknown reason the Musical Union failed to materialize last Tuesday night. The "gold fever" may have something to do with this fact.

—Wm. Hess, of Nebraska, has wisely concluded to settle here, and will commence building at once upon some choice lots he has recently purchased.

—An ironstone-pipe sewer two feet in diameter is being laid from the big hotel to a lagoon 2500 feet distant. Mr. I. D. Snedecor has charge of the work.

—"Jack" rabbits are known to be very good provender, but the "stimulating" effects of this kind of game were remarkably illustrated the other day in this town.

—Go to Irwin & Co., Oceanside, the one-price dry goods and clothing house. All goods marked in plain figures only, and everything is sold at San Francisco prices.

—Attention is directed to the ad. of Mr. Julian Delpy, which appears elsewhere. Those in need of a good article in the wine or vinegar line

would do well to communicate with the advertiser, as he has a large stock and will dispose of it at reasonable rates.

—A. Donovan, of Oceanside, has reopened the meat market in this town, and will keep a large variety of choice meat always on hand. This is a great convenience to our residents, and the gentleman's enterprise should be rewarded.

—The Palma Hotel, under the management of Mr. Wm. Carthy, is as well conducted as any to be found elsewhere, even in localities where commodities essential to a good table are more easily procurable than here. Careful attention to the wants of guests is an established rule in all departments of the house, and we recommend it to the travelling public.

—A gay party of prospectors (?) started on a trip up the San Luis Rey Valley last Saturday evening and returned Tuesday. They all speak in glowing terms of the beauty of the region traversed, and announce their intention of "doing it some more" in the near future. What they were prospecting for has not been disclosed, but from the empty appearance upon their return of several suspicious-looking "packages" that accompanied the "gang" we imagine they found what they were looking for. How about that, Jack?

—A conspicuous characteristic of the "Carlsbad Truthful Club" is the innate modesty of its members. This was illustrated last Saturday night at the regular meeting. An effort was made to elect a permanent board of officers, but the peculiarity alluded to asserted itself, and the unanimity with which the members declined the proffered honors was marked, although the thorough fitness of the gentlemen nominated was apparent. Another attempt will be made this evening, and it is to be hoped with better success. After the election has been concluded the evening will be devoted to the discussion of the always interesting subject of "Fish and Fishing," and as some of the members are experts in this pastime, some startling reminiscences may be looked for.

"What's a Catamaran?"

We have heard this question frequently of late, and have been to some pains to discover a solution of the problem. As being constructed by McClure the vessel will consist of two boats, each thirty feet long, built of the best material and in a substantial manner. These boats, or hulls, will be covered on top with heavy canvas and made completely water-tight. They will then be placed parallel, about ten feet apart, and a deck built upon them, extending three or four feet over all, thus, virtually making a boat with two hulls. The usual mode of propulsion for yachts of this variety is the ordinary sail, rigged as on a sloop or schooner, but Mac proposes to improve this by placing a paddle-wheel midway between the hulls and obtaining his motive power by this means. The wheel will be turned by hand, but should the power thus obtained be not sufficient, a small steam engine can be substituted. Vessels of the catamaran class are very popular among the crack Eastern boating clubs, as they combine "great speed" with almost absolute safety. It being nearly impossible to capsize them in the heaviest seas.

A Good Prospect.

A. E. Barry, Lane Solander and F. D. Mitchell are probably the most jubilant men in town, and judging from some of the specimens of rock exhibited by them, they have good reason to be. The two first named have for some time been quietly prospecting a vein of quartz in this vicinity, and the results of their researches have all along been satisfactory. Recently the latter gentleman connected himself with the discoverers, and will devote his experience and judgment in developing the promised bonanza. The vein is said to be well defined for the distance explored. The rock assays remarkably rich in silver, and also carries traces of gold, copper and other minerals. The location of the lode is at present withheld from the public for obvious reasons.

MOOSA CANYON.

Its Picturesque Scenery, Beautiful Farms and Hospitable People.

We had a leisure day last Saturday, and devoted it to making an excursion to Moosa, distant about fifteen miles from this town. Although the unaccustomed horseback ride was accompanied by its usual vicissitudes, we were fully rewarded upon reaching our destination and viewing the extensive and fertile farming country in this section of the county. For miles the road leading into the valley is lined on either side with gigantic live oaks and other varieties of timber, thoroughly shading the traveler and thereby rendering the trip a pleasant one even in the warmest months of the year. At intervals springs of pure mountain water are met with, where the weary wayfarer can slake his thirst to his utmost satisfaction. Gorgeously-hued wild flowers of great variety and in endless profusion present an added charm to the entrancing scene.

MR. WRIGHT'S HOME.

One of the most comfortable and inviting of the many beautiful homes located in this valley is the extensive farm and residence of F. Wright, Esq., occupying the most desirable portion of this section. The farm comprises 160 acres of very fertile land, which is devoted principally to grain-growing, and a splendid crop now awaits the harvester. A beautiful orchard and vineyard, covering five acres, are in a high state of cultivation and annually prove a source of great profit to their enterprising owner.

Mr. Wright has also established a general supply store, well stocked with all domestic necessities, and the convenience thus provided is well appreciated by the settlers of the valley.

The residence of the gentleman and his charming family is as comfortable as could be desired, every essential necessary to a happy home being carefully looked after. We take this opportunity to tender our sincere thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Wright for hospitalities during our visit.

DELPHY'S WINERY.

On our return trip Sunday evening we made a short stop at the extensive winery of Mr. Julian Delpy, situated about seven miles from Carlsbad. Here again we received a hearty welcome—a marked characteristic of all the settlers along the route with whom it was our good fortune to meet. Mr. Delpy was at considerable pains to show us around his extensive establishment, and explained in detail the methods employed to produce the palatable and nutritious beverage. The gentleman has a large stock of wines of different ages and qualities on hand, and he will dispose of the same at most reasonable prices. He has also some first-class wine vinegar that can be purchased very cheap.

After spending a pleasant hour with the social host, the gathering shades of evening warned us to depart, and soon the familiar scenes of charming Carlsbad met our view. We had enjoyed a pleasant outing, without accident of any kind to mar its remembrance.

PALMA HOTEL, Carlsbad, California.

WILLIAM CARTHY PROPRIETOR

One of the Finest Summer Resorts on the Coast.

FINE SURF BATHING. NO UNDERTOW.
Mineral Water Baths, hot and cold, can be had.—Terms as Moderate as can be had elsewhere.

I. LEVI M. WERTHEIMER.
LEVI & WERTHEIMER,
Successors to A. SCHNEIDER.
Established 1869.
FIFTH STREET, NEAR F. San Diego, Cal. FIFTH STREET, NEAR F
Wholesale and retail dealer in
BOOKS AND STATIONERY. MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. SHEET MUSIC. FANCY POSTERS.
Picture Frames, Mouldings, Glass.
Artists Material and Fine Paints. Wall Paper. Optical Goods. Cutlery
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The Great IXE
At Oceanside.
The best place to do your Trading.

Delpy's Winery.
JULIAN DELPHY, Proprietor.
A large and varied stock of
FINE WINES, VINAGER
etc., etc. on hand, which will be disposed of at most reasonable prices. Goods delivered free. Address
JULIAN DELPHY, Oceanside, Cal.

NOTICE.
From June 1st a water tax of \$1.50 per month will be charged for a family consisting of 5 members or less, and 25 cents additional for each one above that number and 25 cents for each head of stock.
CARLSBAD LAND AND MINERAL WATER CO.
A. Hansen.
N. A. COMSTOCK, CARL TROTSCHKE
COMSTOCK & TROTSCHKE—
ARCHITECTS.
Pierce & Morse Building, San Diego, California.

Huntington's Drug Store.
Puts Drugs and all kinds of Patent Medicines.
We also keep a full line of the best
STATIONARY AND BLANK BOOKS.
Office of Dr. W. D. Huntington.
Second Street, — Bank Building,
Oceanside, California.

NEW BARBER SHOP.
Everything New, Neat and Clean.
Second Street,
CARLSBAD, CALIFORNIA
I have opened up a new shop in Carlsbad, where, by keeping a neat, clean shop and by giving strict attention to business, I hope to merit a fair share of the trade.
FINE SHAVING AND HAIR-CUTTING A SPECIALTY.
GIVE ME A CALL.
WM. DELLSCHAFFT.

CALIFORNIA SOUTHERN R. R. COMPANY
Time Table in effect Sunday, Nov. 14, 1886.
Southward. STATIONS. Northward.
Daily Daily Daily Daily
6:40a 5:00p Ar. San Diego Lv. 7:00p 3:00a
4:55a 3:25p Carlsbad 8:15p 9:41a
9:30p 11:00a Colton 4:10a 2:45a
8:05 10:35 San Bernardino 9:00a 2:30p
5:30 8:05 Los Angeles 7:45a 4:30p
Two passenger trains daily between San Diego and Los Angeles. No change of cars. Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars on night trains. Through tickets to all points in the United States and Canada. For rates on freight and tickets address agents at local station or
J. N. VICTOR, H. B. WILKINS.
Superintendent. S. P. and T. A.
San Bernardino. San Diego.